

JEAN HENNUER,

BISHOP OF LIZIEUX

OR, THE

M A S S A C R E

O F

ST. BARTHOLOMEW

A

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT,

I N T H R E E A C T S.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.



Anonymous



L O N D O N:

Printed for S. LEACROFT, at the Globe, Charing-Cross.

M DCC LXXIII.

LEU.

LIENX

E



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Translator, *who is a Foreigner, take this opportunity of informing the Public, that he gives Lessons in the French and German Languages.—His terms, &c. may be known by applying to Mr. Leacroft, at Charing-Cross.*

Dramatis Personæ.

HENNUYER, Bishop of Lizieux.

THE KING'S LIEUTENANT at Lizieux.

SIMON, Grand Vicar of the Bishop.

CURATES of Lizieux.

PRIEST.

OFFICERS.

ARSENNE Sen. Inhabitant of Lizieux, Protestant.

ARSENNE Junior, Laura's Spouse, Protestant.

LAURA, Evrard's Sister, Protestant.

EVARD, Inhabitant of Paris, Protestant.

SUZANNA, Protestant, Laura's friend, and
Arsenne's Kinswoman.

CLEVARD.

THEVENIN, Protestant.

MENANCOURT, Protestant.

DUGAS, Protestant.

Other Protestants.

The SCENE is at LIZIEUX, on the 27th of
August, 1572.

H E N N U Y E R.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*The Theatre represents the Apartment of Laura;
a large Press half-open.*

*Laura appears arranging her Husband's Ward-
robe; and entertains herself with contemp-
lating a rich Habit.*

L A U R A, *sola.*

HE wore this on the day which completed
our wishes!—My dear husband! I seem
to behold thee with it on.—And this scarf
—How finely he was drest!—(*She kisses the scarf,
and locks it up carefully. She then takes a little trunk,
in which are some letters and jewels.*) Beloved let-
ters! ye are my treasure.—(*She reads and sighs, smil-
ing and contemplating some jewels.*) Lovely in every
thing. How his presents bespeak him! (*She pulls
out a ring.*) It is a year since I have received this

B

first

first pledge: I trembled even then; and we dared not to hope.—Who could then have promised me, that six months afterwards—How all this interval has slipped away! It has appeared to me but a moment.—Yes, but this week of absence, this week seems to me a year.—He ought to be returned.—How I expect him!—Return, my dear Arsenne, return; thy tender Laura feels too much, that she lives not without thee.—(*She listens.*) Every minute I seem to hear him, but am always deceived. (*She shuts the trunk, and opening it again, immediately pulls out a letter.*) Let me read this letter too; (*pressing the letter to her bosom.*) What a foul! What natural gaiety of humour! What truth!

(*Somebody knocks; Laura throws every thing on the ground; overturns the chairs; and, running in great emotion to the door, she opens it, and cries out of breath,*)

O! it is he! it is he himself!

S C E N E II.

L A U R A. S U Z A N N A.

L A U R A *perceiving SUZANNA, draws back with an air of anger and surprize.*

What! you, Suzanna?

S U Z A N N A, *a little disconcerted.*

My good friend, from whence comes this sad astonishment? Is my approach disagreeable to you?

L A U R A,

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 3

L A U R A, *composing herself.*

No, no, my dear cousin, pardon me ; but I believed it was my husband. He is not yet arrived. Judge what I feel.

S U Z A N N A.

For one day's delay ought you to be so much alarmed ?

L A U R A.

How, for one day ? Do you count it one day from two o'clock the day before yesterday, that he promised me to be at Lizieux ?—We went to meet him, and we were obliged to return alone.

S U Z A N N A.

Dear cousin, what has not been said to you last night in order to calm you with regard to this delay ?

L A U R A.

Ah ! my good friend, if you had loved, you would know, that words cannot restore one's peace.

S U Z A N N A.

You ought, however, to be reasonable.—One cannot always quit Paris at pleasure. Consider, he has there all your family, with a good part of his own ; a visit on one side, an affair of business on the other ; two or three days are soon past.

L A U R A.

If he knew my inquietude, nothing would have stoppt him.

B 2

SUZANNA.

4 H E N N U Y E R : O R , T H E
S U Z A N N A .

See how pleasure is always mixed with some degree of pain!—You were very glad to go to Paris to see the grand wedding * of the daughter of Medicis and the King of Navarre. You desired to be a witness of this alliance, which seals our reconciliation with the Catholicks.—How brilliant this festivity must have been! Every face must have born marks of joy!—I never regretted being alone but on this occasion. I had not like you a husband to make this little journey with; but whilst we are girls, we must stay at home.

L A U R A .

Truly all these festivities so much boasted of, and so pompous, appear much finer at a distance, and especially in the descriptions people give of them; you see very little on the spot. The tumult and noise make you giddy, and the heart remains cold.—What was most agreeable to me in this festivity, was, that it gave me an opportunity of seeing my dear relations again. I have had likewise the advantage of bringing home with me a brother, whom I love, and who is my husband's best friend.

S U Z A N N A .

Undoubtedly he is his very best friend.—They are never satisfied but when they are together; it is an union as rare as it is charming.

* The nuptials of Henry of Navarre and Margaret sister of the King were celebrated with a pomp truly royal.

Esprit de la Ligue, tom. II.

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L A U R A.

Hitherto his heart has been free : I could wish that some young female of Lizieux could touch it, and detain him for ever at this place, since Arsenne has found means to fix me here. (*She looks at Suzanna.*) Do you understand me, dear Suzanna?—Why do you blush?

S U Z A N N A, *hanging her head.*

O! we will talk of that, my good friend!—but it shall be at another time, if you please.

L A U R A.

You seem afraid of love, dear Suzanna, and you are not quite wrong; but I assure you, whenever he subdues two honest souls, he can only increase their happiness.

S U Z A N N A.

Truly you have found an honest soul, which sympathizes *so well* with your own; but for my part, I cannot flatter myself with being so fortunate. Two happy marriages are too extraordinary to be expected in the course of one year.

L A U R A.

Why, cousin? The secret of being happy consists in loving each other well; in that case, all things conform themselves to our desires. There is a sweetness, which absorbs all the vexations of life: the heart of one party is in that of the other; they
think

6 H E N N U Y E R: or, THE

think and act ever in concert, and are often on the point of saying the same thing.—What sweet effusion of the heart! What confidence! What a round of happy hours!—No existence is truly precious, unless for two married people who love each other; and I should rather chuse to lose my life this day than this delicious sentiment.

S U Z A N N A.

It is this very fear of losing a heart, which I have thought my own, that makes me afraid of a serious engagement.—What sufferings at the least cloud, at the slightest separation!—See by yourself. You go to spend a few days at Paris with Arsenne; at the moment of your return some affairs happened to detain him there against his will; he lets you return attended by your brother; he stays a little longer than he had promised; and you fall into the most cruel anxieties, the most alarming apprehensions. I thought yesterday it would have been impossible for me ever to recover you again. And tell me, whether your satisfactions are not overbalanced by such trouble?

L A U R A.

No, no, my good friend! Absence, it is true, is a cruel thing; but the return, the return—Ah! dear Suzanna, how my heart flies to meet him!—You know him, cousin; who can judge better, whether he deserves to be less beloved? A goodness of heart always equal, a happy temper, an easy gaiety;

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 7

gaiety ; what virtues does he not possess ?—My brother resembles him very much ; I could wish he might inspire you with the same love.

S U Z A N N A.

Let us return, dear cousin, to what you have seen at Paris.—You have given me but an abridgment of it, which does not entirely satisfy me. Since your return there is no enjoying you, nor making you talk, as one would wish ; you are always relapsing on the charms of marriage. Does the absence of a husband give him new charms ?

L A U R A.

How cruel thou art ! And how can one help talking for ever of him one loves ?

S C E N E III.

LAURA, SUZANNA, SERVANT.

S E R V A N T.

Madam, old Mr. Arsenne is coming down to breakfast with you.—He says, he will keep you company till his son arrives.

L A U R A, *rising with joy to* S U Z A N N A.

Come, let us go to meet him.—Worthy old man !
—I equally respect and love him.

S U Z A N N A, *crying*.

Behold the dear good man is there already !

L A U R A.

3 H E N N U Y E R : O R , T H E
L A U R A .

He has not his cane, cousin!—Let us support his steps.—I'm always under apprehensions for his age.

(They go to meet him ; meanwhile a table is brought in with breakfast ; some wine on one side, and milk on the other.)

S C E N E IV.

ARSENNE Senior. LAURA. SUZANNA.

A R S E N N E Senior.

Good morrow, my dear daughter. And thou, Suzanna, so early?—Thou risest very soon—Very well.—I give thee joy.—I thank thee for her sake.—*(He sits down.)* I love to see you together.—Of what were you both talking, my amiable children?

S U Z A N N A ,

Of all the curiosities she has seen at Paris.—O! when will it be my turn to go and see that great city?

A R S E N N E Senior,

Very soon, very soon, my niece. Meanwhile we will talk it all over at breakfast. *(to Laura.)* I like to hear people tell stories, and I am never tired of hearing them. *(He perceives a little sadness.)* But what? still thoughtful! what? chagrin?

L A U R A , endeavouring to smile.

None, dear Sir, none.

A R S E N N E

A R S E N N E Senior.

I must tell thee, my dear Laura, thou gavest me last night a great deal of uneasiness. On leaving us you wished me a good night in such a tone, that I turned aside rather to hide my tears, than to avoid thine.—It even broke in on my slumbers.—Poor child! said I every moment.—She trembles for my son; it is for him she watches and weeps.—Thy apprehensions indeed have troubled me.

L A U R A.

My dear father! may they be soon dissipated!

A R S E N N E Senior.

O! I don't like this at all; in order to love one another, is it necessary to be tormented with a thousand chimerical fears, and for a few hours delay to create imaginary misfortunes?—Thou, who hast so much good sense, I don't understand thee.—Come, let us go to breakfast.

L A U R A.

Why, has he not at least by a single line prevented my alarms?

A R S E N N E Senior.

By Heaven! If I had been thy husband, thou wouldst have wept eternally.—I, who am talking to thee, have lived whole years together without embracing even once either my wife or my son. It is true, that bearing arms in those times of civil

C

war,

war, I thought much more about supporting their rights, than of seeing them again at their own home. —Come, be calm, my daughter; peace is made, thank God! and let us all rejoice.—Go, and be assured, my son will have embraced us all before night; I will warrant it.

L A U R A .

I hope so; but yesterday you said the same.

A R S E N N E Senior.

But to-day thou shalt see it. Is Evrard already gone out?

L A U R A to a S E R V A N T .

Have you seen my brother?

S E R V A N T .

Madam, he went out very early in the morning to make his usual turn in the town; when he said at going away, that he should probably go out of the gates, to meet his brother-in-law.

A R S E N N E Senior.

The dear children!—I see them from hence, how they meet each other on the road, and how they embrace each other with a heart becoming men.—To their health. (*He drinks*) This Evrard is an excellent youth; is it not true, my niece?

S U Z A N N A .

Yes, uncle!—Come, cousin, resume your usual gaiety; a word or two about your journey.
I ne-

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 11

I never saw Paris, and I long to hear all the descriptions I can of it.—It is only there, I think, that one finds the grand and the wonderful.

A R S E N N E Senior.

I almost repent of not having been with you; but at my age people shun noise; I have seen so many festivities in my youth. Besides, my son was there; it is the same as being there myself.—Talk nevertheless of one subject, which interests me much. You have visited Admiral Coligny together.—Come, let me hear of that again. You have been presented to him, is it not true? Well, what said my son of him?—He is a virtuous man, a great General, a worthy Patriot.—I have served under him; we know each other well.—One day—But that would carry us too far—go on, go on.

L A U R A.

My father, he talked to us about you with a tender and distinguished friendship.—He was then in bed sitting upright. With what respect his venerable features impressed us! We bedewed with our tears those hands he so kindly stretched out to us.—

A R S E N N E Senior.

What! is not the assassin *, that wounded him, yet discovered?

* Coligny was wounded in the left arm by one Maurivel, who was publicly called the King's Murderer. This assassin fired his arquebuss at Coligny from behind a window-curtain, as the Admiral was returning from the Louvre. *Esprit de la Ligue*, tom. II.

L A U R A .

They are in pursuit of him, we are told.—When we entered, we saw Medicis and the King coming out of his house. He received from them the most extraordinary marks of attachment*. He was calm then, without emotion, without trouble, and said he was pretty well.

A R S E N N E Senior.

God preserve him ! He is the firm pillar of our unfortunate party. Our defence was undoubtedly just.—Pray what will remain to mankind, if we rob them of the liberty of thinking ?—Ye Catholicks of France ! O, my countrymen ! don't we acknowledge the same God ? To what purpose so many battles ? Is tearing each other to pieces the best way of praising our Creator ?—There was a time, when, grieved to see the horrors of this civil war, I would almost have wished, we could all have become Catholicks. But can one act against one's own conscience ? Is it in our power openly to avow a faith which we reject in our hearts ? We then must have become cheats, hypocrites, liars, and I should rather chuse to die. But pardon me, my daughter ; I am entertaining you with battles. An old man who has seen the service, is subject to this foible. Let us rather talk of that great alliance of which thou hast been a witness.—Every thing must have been very brilliant on that occasion.

* Charles went into the chamber of the sick Admiral with his mother, the Duke of Anjou, the Marshals of France, and a brilliant attendance. *Esprit de la Ligue*, tom. II.

SUZANNA.

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S U Z A N N A.

How magnificent it must have been! All the world says, there was such profusion, such pomp, such eclat!—But did the bride and bridegroom seem satisfied?

L A U R A.

If one must speak; under all these superb appearances I perceived not real joy. A city wedding has always presented to me a more agreeable scene. These magnificent preparations serve only to disguise *ennui*. Every thing is dedicated to I know not what ostentation. Formalities are rigorously observed; but happiness escapes them. Pleasure and etiquette seem inconsistent. No; the young married people did not wear the appearance of joy, I believe. And I am not much pleased with the physiognomies of the court. Medicis has a fatal and ill-boding look, and Charles IX. looks like his mother's page. I know not why, but I find not in him either the nobleness, or that affable dignity which characterizes a King. The Prince of Bearn, for example.—

A R S E N N E Sen.

You mean the King of Navarre.

L A U R A.

Yes, Sir.

A R S E N N E Sen. *with a joyful countenance.*

Well?

L A U R A.

Ah! that is a countenance which the whole world might adore—an open front, which inspires confidence

dence—features, which declare worth and a greatness of soul. He has withal a certain amorous air, which nobody is displeased with.—O ! I should like to see a Prince of this character seated on the throne of France.

A R S E N N E Senior.

With a Minister like Coligny ; don't you think so, my daughter ?

S U Z A N N A.

The Catholicks would not perhaps find their account in this arrangement.

A R S E N N E Senior.

I am sure, Coligny would not be a persecutor ; and the King of Navarre would leave them that liberty which they would ravish from us. I would be the first to defend their rights, if they were unjust enough to force them. But what do I say ? We have no farther wishes to form ; a calm has succeeded the storms. Peace has been ratified at the foot of the altar. She has re-united the opposite parties ; henceforth every thing promises us days equally tranquil and fortunate.

S C E N E V.

The former with EVRARD, *who enters with an air of melancholy and apprehension.*

L A U R A, *rising with precipitation.*

My brother returned ! and without my husband ?

EVRARD.

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E V R A R D.

Good day, my dear Laura.

L A U R A.

Have you been far to meet him, brother ?

E V R A R D, *with downcast eyes.*

Far enough, sister.

L A U R A.

What, have you not met with him, nor any person that has seen him ?

E V R A R D.

No-body.

A R S E N N E Senior.

You must have got a good appetite ; sit down there and breakfast.

E V R A R D.

I have no inclination to eat, Sir.

S U Z A N N A *to* E V R A R D,

But what have you then ?

L A U R A.

What is the matter, my brother ? How you are altered !

E V R A R D *troubled.*

Altered ?

A R S E N N E Senior.

Perhaps he has eaten nothing yet, and the open air may——

L A U R A,

LAURA, *her eyes fixed upon him.*

What is the matter ?

EVRARD, *endeavouring to recover himself.*

Nothing, sister ; nothing at all ; nothing I tell you.

ARSENNE Sen. *after having examined him.*

You are indeed a little pale. You must never go out fasting. But drink ;—I'll give you a good glass of wine, and that will restore you.

(He pours him out some wine.)

EVRARD *approaching*, ARSENNE *whispers to him.*

Can you spare me one moment ?—I would fain speak to you apart.

A R S E N N E Senior.

Apart ?

E V R A R D.

Yes ; let us go into another room, I beseech you.

A R S E N N E Senior.

Directly ?

E V R A R D.

Yes, this moment ; but without taking notice of any thing.

A R S E N N E Senior.

Go on, I'll follow you. No, let me go first. *(rising)* Daughters, I am coming back again. For a moment I must retire.

L A U R A,

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L A U R A, *at the Door.*

Where are you going, Sir?—And are you going also, Evrard?—You kill me—your air, your voice—O my God! what can have happened to him? What can you have heard?

E V R A R D.

Nothing, I tell you.—I pray you be calm, sister.

L A U R A.

No, I will not.—Why do you leave me?—I believe you no longer, and my apprehensions increase.

E V R A R D, *repressing himself.*

Why should you thus alarm yourself?—May I not have something particular to communicate to him?

L A U R A.

Why, brother! your countenance betrays you.—Go then, and say what thou wouldst.

E V R A R D, *troubled.*

Alas! what shall I say to you, sister?

S C E N E VI.

The former and MENANCOURT.

M E N A N C O U R T.

My dear Evrard! is Arsenne returned?—Do you know we are all trembling?—My father sends me to make some inquiries of you.

D

E V R A R D.

18 H E N N U Y E R : O R , T H E

EVRARD, *making signs to him in vain.*

Inquiries of me?

M E N A N C O U R T.

Yes, you have been out of town I am told; you have heard on the way something of the disaster which has happened in Paris.

L A U R A.

A disaster!—at Paris!—Good God!—what disaster?

S U Z A N N A, *supporting her.*

Ah! my good friend! why are you so terrified?

A R S E N N E Sen. to EVRARD.

Speak, Evrard, for fear magnifies evils; and her imagination, apt to be inflamed, always represents to her the extremes of ill fortune.—It must be less in reality.—Speak.

E V R A R D.

Well, it would be useless to disguise any thing from you; and besides, the burthen which overwhelms me, lies too heavy on my heart—Attend then—(*he stops.*)

A R S E N N E Sen.

Go on, Evrard; you confound me—go on.

E V R A R D.

I tremble to speak it. I hesitate. (*he takes each by the hand, and tells them in a low voice.*) They talk of an abominable treason.

L A U R A.

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 19

L A U R A.

What treason ?

E V R A R D.

They say, that this peace so sacred, on the faith of which our brethren have been lulled asleep, has been horribly violated. They talk of surprizes by night, of attacks, of assassinations.—According to some, our brethren have been murdered in their beds.—According to others, their houses have been set on fire.—The Admiral himself, they say, has been massacred in his own house, and by the King's order.

ARSENNE Sen. *snatching away his hand from EVRARD, and with a voice full of vehemence.*

By the King's order !—Coligny !—Don't believe it, daughter ; do not believe it—Is it possible !—by the King's order !—Have we not the sanction of his word ? Have we not upon his promise dropt all suspicion ? Who can invent such blasphemies, and delight in spreading them ? Evrard, has your heart believed them, and dares your tongue repeat them ?

E V R A R D.

I have lived among our enemies ; I have seen this Court very nearly ; and I know too well, what may be expected of it.

L A U R A.

O my sad presages ! Are ye then forerunners of the misfortune of my life ? Suzanna, don't abandon me ?

D 2

ARSENNE.

A R S E E N E Sen.

My daughter, can you believe, that——

L A U R A.

Ah! if I believed it, I should have already
ceased to live.

A R S E N N E Sen. *warmly.*

Go, there exist no such monsters on the face of
the earth. A king twenty-two years old, embraces
not his subjects, invites them not to a public fes-
tivity, and then cuts their throats at the end of it.
What! so many promises; so many proofs of good-
ness affected but to plunge more surely the poignard
in our hearts?

E V R A R D.

Would to God this horrid news may soon prove
false!—I am in a most distressed situation.—I scarce
know myself.—My dear Arsenne, my friend, we are
come home without thee; we have left thee in that
unhappy town with our mother and—

S U Z A N N A *to EVRARD, in a low voice.*

Imprudent!——O spare her sensibility!

L A U R A.

Brother! is it thus you comfort me?

E V R A R D *to LAURA.*

Pardon me, sister! I did not think on thee.
Well, let us rather trust the experience of a father
—This report will be found without foundation—

It

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 21

It will not be long, before thou wilt see thy husband again, and I my friend.

L A U R A.

Barbarous man! with what a tone dost thou comfort me! Thou wouldst buoy me up with hopes, which thou wantest thyself. Go, nothing but his presence can restore my quiet.

E V R A R D, *with inward trembling.*

Heaven cannot have permitted these horrid cruelties,

A R S E N N E Senior.

Moderate yourselves, my children. No man is unmerciful and barbarous in cold blood. I have seen our enemies lifting the sword over our heads, but it was in the shock of battle. I knew them too brave at Jarnac, at Moncontour, in the plains of St. Dennis, to become base assassins so soon. — Who has dared to imagine so detestable a story? Some malicious child of Darkness, who finds pleasure in terrifying the minds of his fellow-citizens by such bloody and fantastic images, by which the multitude is imposed upon. — How often have I seen the smallest, the most trivial causes alarm a whole kingdom! Besides, is it the first time that you have found yourselves abused by false reports?

L A U R A.

The bad ones have seldom failed of confirmation.

A R S E N N E.

A R S E N N E Senior to E V R A R D.

But from whom, in short, have you this absurd news ?

E V R A R D.

Thuringe, whom I have met with, was the first, whose words chilled me with horror. Dugas, Cleverd, have said the same thing, as well as many others of our acquaintance.

L A U R A.

Many !—Father !—Many !—Heaven !—It must be true.

A R S E N N E Senior.

Well, daughter ! I will out this moment, I suffer too much from such accounts. I know, whom I will ask. I will trace 'em to the source, and hope very soon to convince you, that the report is not only void of probability, but entirely false.

L A U R A.

I will go with you, father ! I will go any where, and Suzanna shall attend me.

A R S E N N E Senior, *reflecting*.

No ; stay, daughter ! we will come again.—Beware of listening to your apprehensions. Consider, that they offend against nature and humanity.

L A U R A.

How is it possible not to tremble at so horrid a report ?—Arsenne, my dear Arsenne !

A R S E N N E

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 23

ARSENNE Senior, *taking her hands.*

Ah! my dear daughter! If I could believe it, what should I do longer upon earth? Then I should have lived too long. I would die on this spot in pressing thy hand, and in pronouncing the name of my unhappy son.

SCENE VII.

The former with THEVENIN. *Several*
PROTESTANTS.

THEVENIN.

Most respectable Arsenne! We have all been plunged in consternation. Is this misfortune true? Where is your son? If he was but come, he would be able to calm our fears—They increase every moment.

ARSENNE Senior.

Gentlemen, believe, that all these reports flow from an obscure source, and let us not become accomplices in that, which in its evil consequences must render us culpable.

THEVENIN.

These reports have already been multiplied. They seem to come from several places. Happily, however, they appear to contradict one another.

ARSENNE Senior.

Ah! I believe it. *(to Laura)* Do you hear, my daughter, these reports are contradictory?
They

24 H E N N U Y E R : O R , T H E

They will very soon vanish in smoke. God grant it! My nephew is at Paris; he is very dear to me.

A P R O T E S T A N T .

My father too is there.

A N O T H E R P R O T E S T A N T .

And my brother!

A N O T H E R .

I have just now sent my children there.

E V R A R D *embraces one of them.*

Ah! unhappy wretches, that we are! Shall we come off with apprehension alone?

A R S E N N E Senior.

My friends, let us not meet despair. We have no certainty at all. I am hastening to inform myself of something to dissipate our fears. I will go myself upon the high road, in order to question every one that passes, and then you shall blush at your credulity.

L A U R A , *giving her arm to* A R S E N N E .

I will accompany you, father! I will not quit you. Let us learn what Heaven has decided on our fate. But alas! let me never return into this town, if he does not guide my steps. [*Exeunt.*]

E N D O F T H E F I R S T A C T .

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

LAURA. SUZANNA.

LAURA *appears pale and dishevelled; her eyes drowned in tears; her arms stretched out and lifted up to heaven; walks very fast, as if in despair; falls into an arm-chair, and hangs over one arm of it. Suzanna follows her, embraces her, and kneels on the ground to lift her up. Laura's head sinks upon her bosom, and she remains unmoved in a painful silence.*

L A U R A.

LEAVE me, leave me; thy cares are useless. It is time for me to die—My mother—my husband—thou hast heard it, Suzanna—Neither sex nor age have been spared.—Peace is the portion of the grave.—It is done, it is done!—every thing is lost to me—*(after a long silence)* O God! thou knowest for whom I implore thee.—Is he no more? Or hast thou shielded him from the murderer's sword?—O! if it were so, a thousand thanks would I return thee.—I will undergo every other pain, the longest, the most horrid; but for this, O my God! vouchsafe, vouchsafe to save me from it!

(she falls down overwhelmed with grief.)

E

S C E N E II.

*The same, ARSENNE Senior, EVRARD,
THEVENIN.*

*Arsenne Sen. supported by Thevenin, and followed
by Evrard, comes with a slow pace till he sees
Laura; they all three stop to contemplate in a me-
lancholy silence.*

A R S E N N E Senior.

Would to God, my grief would soon deliver me
from this world!—Bloody land!—O horrid day!
I quit thee. Who would wish to survive such hor-
rors?—It is now that I sigh to have lived too
long.

L A U R A.

O my dear mother!—my dear parents!—O
thou, for the apprehensions of whom I expire!

A R S E N N E Senior.

Let us die, my daughter, let us die. Let us
follow our basely murdered brethren. France im-
brued in their blood is no more our country.—
Receive me into your abode, ye glorious Mar-
tyrs of our religion. And thou, Coligny, sacred
shade! pardon me for having begun to bewail the
lot of my son before thine!

L A U R A.

All that is dear to me, beyond all doubt is no
more, and yet I cannot die.—O torment!

E V R A R D.

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 27

E V R A R D.

Why did I not stay at Paris? I would have defended them; I should have fallen at their side, and I should have been less to be pitied than in this cruel uncertainty.—If I have lost the friend I loved, that brother, that tender and generous heart, nothing is left me in this world but to avenge him.—He shall be avenged, my sister, I swear it by thyself. (*with a melancholy voice*) If he is dead, thou hast then no brother left. Tremble, base and cruel assassins! You have not murdered all. Here is yet one left of this deplorable family, who knows how to avail himself of your horrid lessons.—What do I hear?—What noise?—

(*Several Protestants are at the door, and open it suddenly; they shout all together, as they get out of the way, to make room for Arsenne, all crying out*)

Arsenne! Arsenne! Arsenne!

(*Laura turns her face, on which are painted all the sentiments which agitate her heart. All are in motion.*)

S C E N E III.

The former, with ARSENNE Junior.

Arsenne Junior enters in disorder, rushes forward, and en passant embraces his father and Evrard.

My father!—My friend!—

E 2

ARSENNE

28 H E N N U Y E R : O R , T H E
A R S E N N E Senior, and E V R A R D.

My son!—My friend!—

A R S E N N E Junior, *in the arms of his wife, his voice stifled.*

O my dear beloved!—I see thee again!—

L A U R A.

Thou livest, and I press thee in my arms!—
(*her head inclined, and with a voice weakened by excess of feeling*) I die with rapture and joy!—(*they remain some moments embracing each other; Laura disengages herself, and makes him sit down.*)

A R S E N N E Senior, *with tenderness.*

O God! you have saved my son!

E V R A R D.

We see thee again!—Answer us, my friend, thou hast not been present then—

A R S E N N E Junior, *his arms stretched out, his mouth open; his eyes inflamed with anger.*

Let me breathe!

E V R A R D, *after a little pause.*

Tell us only, whether thou hast been a witness of the massacre of that night.

A R S E N N E Junior, *rising with precipitation, turning himself towards Evrard, and shewing him his clothes.*

There—behold my clothes!—

L A U R A

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 29

L A U R A *takes him by one arm, and, greatly alarmed, examines his clothes.*

O Heaven! they are covered all over with blood!—thou art wounded!—

A R S E N N E Junior to L A U R A.

The blood thou feest is not my own!—Alas! it is that of thy mother, thy uncle, of all thy nearest relations! in a word, of all those who assisted me in defending them.

L A U R A, *shrieking.*

My mother!—what! her age!—the monsters have murdered her!

A R S E N N E Junior.

Before these eyes!

EVRARD *running to and fro upon the stage like a madman.*

Heaven!—My mother!—Revenge, revenge!

A R S E N N E Senior *falls down by* L A U R A.

Every moment brings us horrors unforeseen—Where are we, unhappy wretches?—Has some invisible hand cast us into the abode of Demons?

A R S E N N E Junior.

This abominable court, this everlasting plague of the nation, has projected the crime.—Paris swims in blood! Our brethren are murdered! Their
assassins

30 H E N N U Y E R : O R , T H E
assassins triumph, trample on their bleeding
bodies, &c.

E V R A R D .

Go on—my fury is calmed—speak, I can
hear thee.

A R S E N N E Junior.

Their detestable festivity concealed the murder.
In signing the peace they signed our death. — Base
miscreants ! The evening before they offer us the
hand of friendship, they wish us a good repose ;
we fall asleep ; they break open our doors ; they
awake us by piercing our hearts.

E V R A R D .

And how hast thou been restored to us ?

A R S E N N E Junior.

I don't know.—Through the flambeaux, the poig-
nards, the murderers, the streams of blood, the
heaps of extended slain, that barred the passage,
the horror and the confusion of that dreadful night,
I have miraculously escaped the stroke.

E V R A R D .

And thou only wast able to escape ? — Our
relations — O God !

A R S E N N E Junior, *in a tone of despair.*

What imputation ! — Ask me rather, why there
remain any inhabitants in that town ? — Death was
every

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 31

every where.—I oppose the assassins, I find myself thrown down amongst the dying, and mingle amongst the dead. I had lost all sensation; they left me for dead; but coming to myself again, I rose like one out of the grave of my relations. I wandered thro' the town. The bloody weapon I bore in my hand, my hair standing on end, my clothes stained with blood and dust, made me to be looked upon as one of the assassins.—In short, hastening my wandering steps, I passed the distance that separated me from you.

(He sinks down again overwhelmed with grief.)

L A U R A to S U Z A N N A.

Spare all this fruitless help, and do not endeavour to reanimate this wretched body.

A R S E N N E Junior, *after some silence.*

Am I really removed from the sight of those monsters?—My ideas grow confused—I am not myself—the pale mangled victims of their ferocity pursue and surround me—I see them still (*weeping*)! Ah! my father! it is too much to survive.

L A U R A.

Thou art in our arms, my dear husband! I have no mother more—Alas! vouchsafe to live for me.

A R S E N N E Junior.

To live after what I have seen?—Ah! thou saw'st not that horrid night. You did not hear the
raging

raging cries of the murderers mixed with the dying cries of my relations. Thine ear witnessed not their woeful sighs. You did not see them lay their hands on their wounds, bathing them in their blood, and stretch them out to the eye of Heaven, imploring vengeance as they fell. I flew to Coligny's, willing to die by that great man, or at least to rally there our dispersed party. They threw down his mangled body from the windows. Guise trampled on his grey hair. His impious troop insulted the breathless corpse of the most honourable of mankind.

A R S E N N E Senior, *with enthusiasm.*

Senseless fury!——impotent fury!——His soul exalted with glory was already in heaven. But name those who guided these unbridled murderers!——

A R S E N N E Junior.

At their head marched those emissaries of Rome, let loose from their solitary retreats, monsters of hell, fed on the poisons of Italy. A cruel joy animates their eyes. With one hand they mark out the victims with a crucifix, and with the other they plunge the poignard in their hearts. In the name of God and the King they quicken the slow hand of the murder. They lift up their bloody hand to bless him who murders most. They raise again, they encourage the arm, which sinks less
 fatigued

fatigued with assassinations. I have seen even children, excited by the example, cut the throats of other children asleep in their cradles *.

EVRARD, *wandering to and fro upon the stage.*

What a picture ! God of vengeance ! and does thy thunder sleep ?

ARSENNE Junior.

I coasted the Seine. Her waters red with blood rolled many a mangled corpse in their stream. I pass before the Louvre. What a spectacle ! An immense multitude with groans and cries of despair implored an asylum at the King's palace-gates. — Their moanful clamours, pitiable cries, have reached the ear of the Sovereign without moving his soul. — What do I say ? There the murderers marched with a more triumphant air ; there the multiplied flambeaux displayed an ampler scene of carnage. The blood of subjects streams beneath the unmoved eye of their Monarch. The lances and pikes of the soldiers overturn and tear to pieces the defenceless people ; whilst Charles and his barbarous brother † from their balcony with cruel sport aided the pursuits of death after

* *Children of ten years old killed children in the cradle.* These facts are not invented. Woe to him who could imagine them ! They are but too well attested by all the Memoirs of the Time.

† I have read these very words in the Manuscript Memoirs of Mr. Felibien des Avaux, which he has extracted from the

F

those

those that fled, and fired at the unhappy wretches imploring their protection, as at the beast of the forest.

A R S E N N E Senior.

Stop—spare me—I had rather die on the spot, than hear any more of it.

A R S E N N E Junior.

Ah ! my father !—Ah ! my friends !—If in these horrid moments I had not thought on you, on my tender partner, Heaven is my witness, I should have perished, but we all should have been avenged.

A R S E N N E Senior.

And what wouldst thou have done ?

A R S E N N E Junior, *distracted*.

What would I have done ? Thro' the spears and the guards that surrounded him, I would have—But a stronger voice told me, that I owed myself

Memoirs of Mr. Poullain, Lieutenant-General of the provostship of the Ile de France, author of the Verbal Process containing the History of the Ligue under Henry III. “ Henry Duke of Anjou, who succeeded Charles IX. under the name of Henry III. and the Duke de Guise, in the orders which they sent to the provinces, commanded that neither old men, nor pregnant women, nor children hanging at the breast, should be spared. Henry had the honour of murdering seven persons with an arquebuss out of one of the windows of the Louvre, which is the fifth from the area of the Louvre, counting from the *petit pont de la reine* ; and his brother Charles IX. killed three, and laughed at it so loud, that he was heard below.”

to

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 35

to you three: I grew weak, and, abandoning the cause of my unhappy fellow-citizens, I fled.

A R S E N N E Senior.

Ah! my son, what sayest thou? Leave, leave all vengeance to God; to him alone it belongeth.—Tho' Justice may be slow, she will descend more terrible.

E V R A R D, *vehemently*.

Heaven keeps silence—vengeance is committed to us. (*with a gloomy tone*) King, Priests, Ministers, Princes, Courtiers, they have all had a hand in this execrable plot—And they are our leaders! (*after some silence*) My friends, you have been told, the priests themselves have given the signal of the massacre—the stroke comes from Rome. Medicis had breathed the air of that climate—She has transported into ours crimes unknown till now—Shall we leave such horrid deeds unpunished?—Shall we stay, till they are renewed?—We have here one at least of those fanatick chiefs, who have changed man into a wild monster.

A R S E N N E Junior, *seated*.

At the tapers of the altar they have lighted the torch of murder.

E V R A R D.

My blood boils, it burns to sacrifice them—ARSENNE Junior, *rising suddenly, staring at Evrard, and seizing his hand*.

Well! let us recompence death by death, and let the most guilty fall first.

F 2

L A U R A.

L A U R A, *parting them, and rushing in between.*

Ah ! rather think how to save yourselves.—Dost thou forget for whom Heaven has preserved thee ? Behold thy father ! behold thy wife !—Let us fly, before the storm spreads farther—who knows, but it might reach us ? Useless courage is a rash imprudence——Believe, that without thee so many crimes will not remain unpunished. Commit the care of it to that Supreme Avenger, who has counted the groans of all the victims.

A R S E N N E Sen.

I approve it—Above all, thou owest thyself to thy wife, and thou art not thine own master. Fly, fly with her. Go, and take no rest, till you are in safety—I will join you very soon.

L A U R A.

We will not leave you a single moment, my father ! We cannot believe ourselves in safety, if you don't partake it.

A R S E N N E Senior

Don't think about me—Ah ! what have I to lose ? A few wretched days, which are leading me to the grave. Depart, I tell you ; take the route to England. Quit for ever this horrid country, which Fanaticism deluges with the blood of her worthiest citizens.

A R S E N N E Junior.

You judge flight necessary, and shall we fly alone ? and shall we leave here our brethren distressed,

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 37

ed, uncertain, trembling in their own houses, the sword impending over their heads?—No—I will be the last to depart. I am concerned in the safety of them all, and it is as dear to me as my own.

A R S E N N E Senior.

We will each of us take a different route, and meet on the coasts; we will follow you one after another, and—

A R S E N N E Junior, *interrupting him.*

Misery makes us all equal, my father! and danger must be shared. Is it just in these dreadful moments to separate one's own cause from that of one's friends?—No—go. I have seen my relations fall, I can die too.—Be it your task to depart with my wife and Suzanna; their sex and your age are a privilege; but for me—

S C E N E IV.

The former, with CLEVARD, and a great many other PROTESTANTS entering with him.

CLEVARD *in a sad and plaintive voice.*

My unhappy friends! this is our last day also—

A R S E N N E Junior.

Clevard, what do you tell us?

CLEVARD *to ARSENNE Junior.*

Alas! thou hast made thy escape from Paris only to fall with us to-day. The fury of our enemies

mies does not confine itself to the capital. It extends itself all over France. We are everywhere proscribed*. This unhappy town must undergo the same fate. It is a general conflagration, in which we must all perish.

L A U R A.

But why do we stay?—Let us fly, let us all be together.

C L E V A R D.

Ah! Madam, if flight were possible, I should be here no longer. The gates of the town are just now shut. The roads are covered with soldiers. The garrison is under arms, and have possessed themselves of the walls. Don't you hear the sound of the drums, and the redoubled sounds of the bells? All this announces death.

Multitude of P R O T E S T A N T S.

Alas! where shall we fly? (*They express their fear and distress by several signs.*)

* Charles IX. authorized the massacre of the provinces in his own name. It was horrible at Meaux, at Bourges, at Orleans, at Lions, at Toulouse, at Rouen, without mentioning the little towns, boroughs, and castles, where the Seigneurs themselves were not always secure against the fury of the incensed populace. The corpses rotted on the ground without burial; and several rivers were so infected with the bodies thrown into them, that those who inhabited near their banks, could not for a long time either taste their waters, or eat their fish. *Esprit de la Ligue*, tom. II.

C L E V A R D.

C L E V A R D.

The Catholic churches are open. They resort thither as on some solemn day. I have past close by them, and have read our sentence in their looks.—O ye friends, whom one faith has united and collected together, what will become of us ?

ARSENNE Jun. *arming himself, and every one imitating him.*

To arms ! to arms ! Let us talk no more of flight. Let us sell our blood dearly.—But where shall I hide thee, my dear wife ?—How shall I screen thee from their strokes ?

L A U R A *armed, standing near her Husband.*

Well ! I will shew myself equal to their furies. They shall see, how it is when a woman fights for him she loves.

E V R A R D *armed.*

I will defend you all to my last gasp.

A S E E N N E *weeping, to his Father.*

But you my father, you, alas ! what shall be your lot ?—Your arm weakened by years is no more the same, that has distinguished itself in battle.—I shiver at this idea ! A dreadful trembling seizes me !

A R S E N N E Sen. *nobly.*

I will not condescend to arm myself against base assassins. Let them imbrue their hands in my blood ; let them deliver me from day-light, which they have rendered odious to me ;—I consent.—Thy hand

hand at least will close my eyelids. I do not, however, intirely approve this defence, tho' lawful, my son! We may deal death to them, but shall not avoid it ourselves. I would chuse rather to wait, and receive the stroke like Coligny.

A R S E N N E *Jun. in a doleful voice.*

Like Coligny? O God! what name have you pronounced? — That increaseth my fury, or rather it enlightens me. (*Throwing away his sword*) No, I want this weapon no more. Weak and impotent aid, I renounce thee. (*in a calmer tone*) I alone will avenge you all, my friends; I feel in myself alone the power of terrifying and with-holding your murderers.—Heaven! if thou hast preserved my life, I acknowledge it at last; it is for another example and I owe it to the world.

E V R A R D.

Friend! what design hast thou?

(*Arsenne answers nothing. He covers his face with both his hands, wandering to and fro on the stage.*)

S C E N E V.

The former. M E N A N C O U R T.

M E N A N C O U R T, *running in with great fright and precipitation.*

Alas! where shall we find an asylum? What God will vouchsafe to protect us?—I join your party but to die.

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 41

L A U R A.

Ah! Menancourt!

M E N A N C O U R T.

We cannot escape from them. They keep us shut up like vile herds destined to the slaughter. Fear not, that they will come this moment. They know well, how to surprise us, without hazarding any thing. They will wait for midnight. Then the signal will be given. Affailed by numbers, burnt in our own houses, all will be soon over with us.

L A U R A.

Let them but strike me, and I will bless the stroke.

M E N A N C O U R T.

Not one of us will be spared.

Multitude of P R O T E S T A N T S.

Alas! then we have only to present our throats to be cut by these satellites of hell; armed against the true believers. (*surrounding Arsenne senior.*) What part must we take in these extremities, most respectable Arsenne?

A R S E N N E *Sen. sobbing.*

Await death in prayer, my children, and receive it like martyrs. Our brethren from heaven stretch out their arms to receive us——

P R O T E S T A N T S.

How happy are those, who have slept in their graves before these days of horror!

G

M E N A N

M E N A N C O U R T .

The bishop triumphs; he called round about him those hypocrites, who preach peace, and whose hearts breathe nothing but rancour; they all desire the death of those, whom they cannot delude, or corrupt.

A R S E N N E Jun. *rousing himself.*

Go on, Menancourt; go on.—

M E N A N C O U R T .

Thy run from house to house to sharpen the poignards destined for us. They applaud these horrid crimes. With the voice of murder they pronounce the name of God. They frighten with the anathemas of Rome those, who might yet listen to the dictates of humanity.

A R S E N N E Jun. *drawing his poignard with great emotion.*

That is too much.—Ye see this poignard.—It will render you justice.—It is doing too much honour to these assassins to fight with them. Evrard, come along with me.

E V R A R D, *with transport.*

I will follow thee any-where.

A R S E N N E Jun. *still in the same disorder.*

I will seize the chief of these barbarous priests; beneath his pontificals he shall feel the poignard in that heart, which thirsts for our blood. If my arm should slacken—

E V R A R D .

E V R A R D.

I understand thee!

A R S E N N E Jun.

Why can I not with the same stroke exterminate all his ministers?

A R S E N N E Senior.

Good God!—My son!—What horrid design!—hear me!—

A R S E N N E Junior.

If you had seen them, as I did on that bloody night, your hands would be already in their hearts.——

E V R A R D, *taking ARSENNE Jun. by the hand,*

I will have the honour of the first stroke.

L A U R A *to her Husband.*

Stop—Revenge misguides thee.—Stop and think that in this unhappy womb there is perhaps a son that thou wilt deprive of a father.

A R S E N N E Jun. *distracted with grief.*

Let him die there; let him never see day-light; it is better than to breathe the same air with these monsters.—For what should he be born?—Life is a fatal gift, which I curse and detest.

L A U R A.

O God!

A R S E N N E Junior.

I live no longer for him. — I live no longer for thee.—

G 2

L A U R A.

L A U R A , *with a great shriek.*

Barbarous man ! Is it thou , that speakest ?

A R S E N N E Senior.

My son !

L A U R A , *at his knees,*

Feel some compassion for a mother.—

A R S E N N E Jun. *turning away his face.*

I am dead to you all. I can listen to you no longer,
—My whole existence centers in these two hands,
thus armed for the common cause.

L A U R A , *withholding him by force.*

I will not quit thee , cruel man !—Thy senses are
distracted.—Suffer us to disarm thee.—Thou hidest
a poignard.—I will snatch it from thy hand , wert
thou even to punish me with it.

A R S E N N E Jun. *repelling her.*

What darest thou say ?—Terrible—thou dost
not know—this poignard !—Death alone shall wrest
it from these hands.—It is an eternal monument of
the crime—most precious blood has engraved on
this blade in such indelible characters.—

L A U R A .

Thou makest me tremble. — Precious blood !—
all mine is chilled—

A R S E N N E Junior.

Wretched woman ! darest thou ask it ?—I drew
it

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 45

it reeking from a dying mother's bosom. My arm must plunge it again——

L A U R A.

I die.

E V R A R D, *endeavouring to wrest the poignard from him,*

It belongs to me.—Yield, yield it to me.

A R S E N N E Junior, *with a terrible gesture.*

No, I will keep it ; it is mine.—The cruel men !
—Let us go !—they have sufficiently instructed me how to assassinate.

E V R A R D.

I am no longer myself !—Where are the barbarous men ? The innocent blood of my relations cries to me, Strike.—In each of those priests I run to sacrifice one of their assassins.

A R S E N N E Senior, *opposing his passage.*

Ye shall go not a step further, my children, unless you despise my dying words.

E V R A R D.

Detain us not. In our turn we will come back all covered with their blood.

A R S E N N E Senior, *ready to sink under the attempt.*

Stay !—What ! will you see me expire at your feet ?—No, I will not rise again, unless you hear my intreaty. (*his children lift him up, not without signs of impatience and fury.*) Lend your ear to an old man, who approaches his last hour—Grief will
waste

waste the rest of his days.—I feel your transports and your despair; but answer me, my sons! To what purpose is revenge? Will it reanimate the ashes of those, who are no more? Alas! it will only kindle the fury of our executioners. The strong crushes the weak, and smiles still at his impotent temerity.—Let us not imitate the cruel Catholics; let us leave to them the use of the poignard; and if we needs must chuse to be either murderers, or victims, let us rather die, than deserve the name of homicide.—Heaven at this moment darts into my breast a ray of its light; it enlightens me; it inspires me; it gives me a just confidence; and I am going to astonish thee. — That prelate, on whom thou would'st lay thy desperate hands, shares not the madness of his sect. Fame attributes to him gentle and benevolent virtues. Who knows, but, far from being barbarous, he may be, on the contrary, meek, just, humane, compassionate.

A R S E N N E Junior.

He!—an agent of Rome!—humane!—compassionate!—ah!

A R S E N N E Senior.

My dear son! It is after scenes of carnage, that the soul grows more calm, sees the horror of the crime, and trembles to pursue it. The terror of the past then seizes the heart, and preserves the last victims.—Let us assemble in the bishop's palace.

The

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 47

The holiness of the place shall be our defence. There is the abode of peace. There armed soldiers never appear; That is the only asylum from violence in this city. If it breaks out against us, it will always be time enough to defend ourselves.

A R S E N N E Junior.

Yes, it will be time enough, when your blood gushes out upon me, when falling down you shall stretch forth to me your feeble and trembling hands.—What! you would have me see my wife, my friend, yourself murdered?—If Heaven approves me not, may it vouchsafe to withdraw you from their sight!—Yes, great God, my arm is ready to strike, thou alone canst disarm it! Let thy thunder reduce me to dust, before I commit what could displease thee; but at this moment I look on myself as the instrument of thy vengeance!

A R S E N N E Senior.

Blind youth! open thy eyes. Who watched over thee during the horror of the massacre? Who has snatched thee from amidst the dead, but this same God, whose mercy thou now abusest? Is it not his invisible and powerful hand, that has hitherto guided thy steps? And thou wilt rely no more upon his compassion, ungrateful man! upon that compassion, which has so manifested itself in thy favour. That God, who has extended to this term my deplorable years, can sustain our life in the midst of murderers. Their poignards will fall before us, as they
fell

fell before thee. Go, that God, who looks upon us, cannot have reunited our wretched family in order to crush it at one stroke.

E V R A R D.

Let us listen no longer to the language of timid old age. You speak of moderation, my father, when we are surrounded by furious tygers.—What measures are to be kept in such extreme peril? The assassin boasts his courage in the face of opposition. Shall we fall like our brethren? They were surprised; we are not—Shall we offer our bosoms to the murderers, who will laugh at our weakness; and shall we give them occasion to say, that we can only tremble and lick the dust?—No: Despair will invigorate our arms.—But this is talking too much.—Every thing is permitted after this horrid violation of the laws. (*Going to Laura*) Sister, I bid thee the last farewell.—Thou knowest whom I go to revenge.

L A U R A, *making an effort to rise.*

My brother!—Alas! where do you intend to go without me?

A R S E N N E Senior, *in great affliction.*

Ah! they no longer listen to me, my daughter! they hear me no more.—They are going to be as furious as the Catholics; they will kindle the wrath of Heaven. (*Seizing his son who was going out*) Dread thyself, dread thyself, wretched man!—Arsenne, my son!—thou wilt then justify them by thy imitation.

A R S E N N E

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 49

A R S E N N E Junior, *recoiling with surprise.*

I, justify them!

A R S E N N E Senior, *with a noble simplicity.*

Yes, thou reckonest innocence for nothing—thou hast only sentiments of sanguinary rage. God will turn away his eye from thee, and thou shalt die a criminal.—But believe not, that I will abandon thee. My strength will be renewed to snatch that poignard from thee.—At the very moment thou thinkest to strike, I will lock thee in my arms, I will cry to thee, THOU ART NO LONGER A CHRISTIAN; and tearing thee from thy dreadful delirium, I shall preserve thy virtue untainted.

A R S E N N E Junior, *subdued.*

Ah! my father! my father! what is there in thy voice?—Heaven!—I sink into your arms.—Pity me, pity my rage; it still agitates and overwhelms my soul.—You are more calm than myself.—Well! tell me what we must do, to save my wife, my friend; and yourself.—Say, and I will implicitly obey you.—What hope can you give me?

A R S E N N E Senior, *tenderly holding him in his arms.*

The most certain and most agreeable for our present circumstances. We must, as I told thee, take refuge in the bishop's palace, and there all reunite.—Assembled there, we shall find, if my heart does not deceive me, a man of peace, where we thought to find a barbarian. There our groans shall form but one voice, which shall ascend a

H

moving

moving prayer to heaven. There at least we shall make the greatest number ; and if we must perish, we shall defend ourselves with more strength and courage, since all together we shall form but one family.

M E N A N C O U R T .

Prudence herself speaks by the mouth of the sage and virtuous Arsenne. Many of our brethren have already resorted to this palace as to an inviolable sanctuary.—The bishop, at our supplications, may feel his heart moved. If, notwithstanding our prayers and doleful cries, he refuses us an asylum ; if he rejects us beneath the sword of the executioners ; then no longer mercy ; let our hands, then armed, be equally prompt and inexorable. But let us hide the sword of vengeance, till we are compelled to strike. Let us know how to moderate ourselves ; let us even dissemble ; otherwise their triumph would be easy, and our ruin certain.

A P R O T E S T A N T , *raising his voice.*

This project seems the wisest as well as the surest. We will all follow the same destiny.

P R O T E S T A N T S .

We embrace it, we embrace it. (*To Arsenne junior, surrounding him*) Friend, thou must accept it, and restrain thyself.

A R S E N N E Junior, *in their arms.*

Yes, my friends ! I will embrace this hope, since it is left us. I will restrain myself, I will submit

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to every thing for the general good. I will sacrifice my revenge, my life, to save yours. But watch over what I hold the most dear—My father, my wife—in the name of love, stay here!

L A U R A, *lively.*

It is in vain—I can quit thee no more.

A R S E N N E Junior, *throwing himself into her arms.*

Ah!

A R S E N N E Senior, *with dignity.*

Let us all go, and let us not forget the virtue of a christian, HOPE. Let it embrace our hearts with its divine consolatory fire. Let us frighten our executioners, only by our firmness. Let us fall like martyrs, and not like assassins; and let us shewin dying, that we know there is another life. Let us raise our minds to Him, who looks down upon us from heaven! It is he who bridles the cruelties of the wicked. If he protects us, we shall not perish.

Several P R O T E S T A N T S.

Let us address our prayers to the Author of our lives—and let us remain resigned to his eternal decrees. (*They all lift up their hands towards heaven.*)

A R S E N N E Senior, *his head uncovered and his hands joined.*

O God of mercies! see this feeble flock, which has always walked in the way of thy laws. Suffer them not all to perish in the moment of rage. Disarm the enemies of our religion, transmitted to us

by our ancestors, and which we will not abandon even at the peril of exposing our lives for it a thousand times.—Great God! in thy mercy look upon this faithful flock, which supplicates and adores thee. They hope in thee, they will sing thy praises continually; they will bless thee, whether they shall fall by the hand of the executioners, or revisit that temple, where they are wont to celebrate thy favours and thy mercy.

L A U R A.

O God! save my brother, my husband, and my father.

A R S E N N E Junior.

O God! vouchsafe to pardon my fury. I offer thee a penitent and contrite heart.—Save my wife, my father, and these generous friends!

E V R A R D.

O God! save my brother, and suffer me in thy mercy to die.

P R O T E S T A N T S.

O God! save the virtuous Arsenne and all his family.

A R S E N N E Senior.

Great God! let the stroke which threatens thy people fall upon me.—Let me finish my long career, and let them praise thee on my grave.

(Having embraced each other, exeunt.)

E N D O F T H E S E C O N D A C T.

A C T III.

The Scene is the Bishop's Palace.

S C E N E I.

The Bishop's Apartment. A Deacon at one end of it. On one side of the apartment is an escrutore, upon which are several letters lying open.

JEAN HENNUYER, *leaning with his right hand on a desk, and covering his face with the other; then lifts it up to Heaven, as he is beginning to speak. A great Cross must be set above the desk.*

GREAT God!—and they are CHRISTIANS!—
Is this the pattern, thou gavest them in dying
on the cross? (*Kneeling down upon one knee*) Ac-
cept, O Lord, the bitterness, with which my soul is
filled. I offer thee my tears for an expiation—The
rest of my life will be nothing but grief. (*He remains
some time in a profound silence; then he sighs, and af-
ter praying again, he rises*) What a dreadful pic-
ture! What crimes! O Superstition! Cruel
Fanaticism, when wilt thou cease profaning my
holy religion?—On the one side I behold the un-
believer, the hypocrite on the other—the ambi-
tious impostor, who first corrupts the weak spirit,
and then excites him to murder!—O barbarous
men!

men ! if revenge induced you to shed the blood of your brethren, what need was there to cover your wicked attempts with this respectable, this sacred veil ?—And ye Heads of nations, why are you not exalted in virtue above your people ? You build your greatness upon great crimes, and ye do not see the everlasting abyss that opens itself under your feet. — O Medicis ! — O Charles ! Thou whom God has anointed my sovereign ! what name will you leave upon the earth ?—What rank will ye hold among posterity ? I tremble already to think of the punishment reserved for you.—Father of mankind ! Father of mercy ! spare them not in this world ; let them be made a fearful example of thy justice ; but vouchsafe to preserve them from everlasting punishment in the other.
(*He prays again.*)

(*A servant comes to speak with the Deacon. He goes out and returns with the Grand Vicar. Simon draws near, and the Bishop rises.*)

S C E N E II.

HENNUYER. SIMON, *Grand Vicar.*

S I M O N.

My lord, the king's lieutenant is just come, and desires to talk with your Grace.

H E N N U Y E R.

Let him be shewn in.

(*He goes to receive him. Simon goes to the door, and orders the servant to open the foldings. The rest withdraw.*)

S C E N E III.

HENNUYER. The KING's LIEUTENANT.

The KING's LIEUTENANT.

My lord, I come to communicate to you the new orders, which the king our master has sent us.

HENNUYER.

God preserve him! What are his commands?

The KING's LIEUTENANT.

The King's order says expressly, that no Protestant shall make his escape out of the town.

HENNUYER, *alarmed.*

What do I hear?

The KING's LIEUTENANT.

The Protestants of Lizieux must follow those of Paris. The sentence of death is general. On this account I have taken precautions, and the garrison is under arms.

HENNUYER.

And the Court requires of me——

The KING's LIEUTENANT.

To assist me, for we must act unanimously; to instruct your Clergy in what they ought to do; every one of your priests must ascend the pulpit, preach

preach to the Catholics, and exhort them to be inexorable, and to regard no ties of blood, or friendship. In a word, every Huguenot must perish on the very place he is found.

H E N N U Y E R.

But in the letter his Majesty has written us, he acquits himself of all that happened. He declares expressly, he never sided with either party.

The KING's LIEUTENANT.

The decree now is reversed. His Majesty declares Coligny guilty of a conspiracy, to deprive him both of his crown and his life. His Majesty expects to be served with as much zeal here as he has been by his faithful servants at Paris. These are his own words.

H E N N U Y E R.

But, Sir, as the King has twice changed his mind, may we not expect a third change? And in a case of such importance, would it not be serving him most faithfully, to leave him room for reflexion?

The KING's LIEUTENANT.

No, my Lord! This is a matter of religion, and concerns you in particular. Our projects must be unanimous. Wait a few hours, and this race of infidels will be no more. Our soldiers long to serve the cause of the Altar and the Throne, and
I be-

formal a disobedience you will make yourself guilty of high treason?

H E N N U Y E R.

I believe, I should become guilty of it, by not defending his subjects against himself.

The KING's LIEUTENANT.

Pray, my Lord, consider the danger to which you are exposing yourself.—This is the order for myself,—and there is yours.—Read——

H E N N U Y E R, *with a noble indignation.*

I refuse to accept it, I tell you.—The order seems to me unjust, horrid, abominable.

The KING's LIEUTENANT.

Is it our province to examine the Sovereign's orders? God has set him upon the throne; he governs by him. To him alone he is answerable for his actions; they have no other judge than God himself.

H E N N U Y E R.

The monarch who says, he is only answerable to God, says in other words, he is not answerable to any body at all; for by not acknowledging the laws, he refuses to acknowledge the Author of all Justice.

The KING's LIEUTENANT.

Our duty is to obey. We are not accountable for the good, or the evil that may happen. Our orders

orders being executed, we are discharged of the rest. If every subject must needs weigh the Sovereign's reasons, what will become of his authority?

H E N N U Y E R.

This way of reasoning may well become an army in the field, or in battle-array, before the enemy. As each individual soldier forms together with his fellow-soldiers but one whole, of which the general is the head and the soul, the moment decides, and the will of individuals is no more. But answer me, Sir : Suppose an order sent to a regiment to attend another of the same corps, and to turn their arms against their fellow-citizens ; I believe you would suppose it to be a mistake, a moment of error, of confusion, of intoxication, and for aught I know, each individual would very conscientiously dispense with killing his neighbour. It is the same to-day. A fanatic frenzy has seized the Court of Charles. Take care not to confound this violent and transitory crisis with the fundamental laws of the monarchy. These may be forgotten, but they retain their force, because they agree with conscience, honour, and reason ; differing very much of course, from that furious and extravagant order, which offends them all. The principle then that has dictated it, being absurd and cruel, this wild exertion of the will ought to be constantly opposed by every good citizen.

T H E K I N G ' S L I E U T E N A N T .

My Lord, I don't admit these distinctions, nor do I set up for reasoning so profoundly.

H E N N U Y E R .

You need not reasoning profoundly to feel, that you are a man and a Christian, before you are a subject; that the monarch, who is a transient being, is not the country; that there are limits, which the royal power cannot transgress, without making the subject the most vile instrument of servitude; that eternal principles of justice have been sown in the heart of man to advertise him, when he ought to obey or to resist. These are sanguinary decrees, which the Divinity itself (if it was possible such could proceed from thence) could not get adopted by a just man.—What! shall Charles, a youth of twenty years old, order prelates of sixty, and brave old officers, to murder at his nod a hundred thousand of their fellow-citizens? and we, stifling all equity, all natural light, bathe ourselves in their blood?—If Charles should change his mind, and command us to follow the worship of those he has now declared Outlaws, then we should by the same principle be obliged to abjure the former faith of the Church, and to neglect the salvation of our souls.—Humanity, believe me, has rights long prior to those of Royalty. He who ceases to speak as a man, can command no more as a king.—We ought then, Sir, to serve our young monarch by
disobeying

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disobeying him; and I should not be surprised at all, if to-morrow he punished with death those, who should have been base enough to hasten the execution of such orders.

THE KING'S LIEUTENANT.

Suffer me, my Lord, to avoid entering into these details. It would be as useless as it is dangerous to regard them.—Side with me, my Lord, I beseech you for the last time.—I shall be obliged to send a complaint against you :—don't ruin yourself.—This affair may have worse consequences than you think.—Let these unhappy Huguenots undergo their fate. The king only prevents their furies.

H E N N U Y E R.

O God! it is not enough to commit the crime; must they endeavour to justify it?—You have heard me enough, Sir, to make your report.—Believe me, nothing shall ever make me change my answer.—If one spark of humanity is left you, learn to think like myself.

THE KING'S LIEUTENANT.

I am a Roman Catholic, my Lord, and I glory in it. I obey my religion. Does she not always teach us to obey our sovereigns, whoever they may be? Has she not decided that they have the power of the sword? Has she not forbidden the subject to judge of the monarch's intentions, or of the means he may think it convenient to employ?
When

When the eldest son of the Church rises against the heretics, he establishes his glory, and his will becomes a sacred law.

H E N N U Y E R.

You are in an error, I tell you—This is a work of violence, perfidiousness, and villany. Then you would destroy and ruin your country, if the monarch commanded it? The true criterion of the law is the general consent of the nation; and since when have the people chosen for themselves an arbitrary, despotic king? Since when have they invested him with the power to cut their throats with their own swords? If he reigns over them, it is only to defend them against their enemies, to maintain harmony and concord within the realm, to wake when they sleep, and not to dispose of their lives according to his caprice.

The KING'S LIEUTENANT.

But if he has criminal subjects to punish—

H E N N U Y E R.

If he has that misfortune, a general cry must prove the crime, and witness against the criminals. 'Tis easy to know the Public Voice; she makes herself heard; she thunders over the diadem. There is no excuse for a Sovereign, who shuts his ears against her. Let him not sign the sentence even then, till he reads it written in the eyes of those men of the law, who have consecrated themselves to justice, and whose virtues and labours have long gained

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gained them the confidence of the nation: he must be jealous of himself, and, above all, that hidden ambition, which covets greater authority. If he contemns these august forms, this tribunal as useful to himself as to others, he falls into a thousand dangerous errors. His power becomes an enormous tyranny, and those, who execute it, are but his accomplices.

The KING's LIEUTENANT.

Your refusal is formal—you will please to sign it, my Lord—I must act according to rule.

HENNUYER, taking a pen.

Yes, I will sign it, and with my blood, if it be required. (*He takes the order, looks it over, - lifts up his eyes to heaven sighing*) Shall I believe my eyes? What a monument for posterity!—Spare neither old men, nor women with child, nor children hanging at the breast!—May God, who holds the king's heart in his hand, change it! (*He writes, rises, and taking the order which he gives to the King's Lieutenant*) There, Sir, would to God, that he, who has sent it, may throw it into the fire on receiving my answer!

(*The King's Lieutenant withdraws, looking upon the Bishop as a lost man.*)

SCENE IV.

HENNUYER. SIMON.

SIMON, coming in haste with a look of inquietude.

Ah, my Lord! What have you done? You have too sensible a soul. Your humanity will ruin you.

H E N N U Y E R .

What darest thou say ? Do you call it humanity not to murder the innocent ?

S I M O N ,

Well, what are they to you, that you should sacrifice yourself for them ? You are not answerable for their lives. Let the King's Council act. They mean to serve religion and ourselves. Besides, these outlaws are obstinate hereticks, who breathe nothing but the ruin of our altars—I look upon this as a chastisement sent from Heaven.

H E N N U Y E R .

Do you think so, Sir ?—I did not believe, there was so near me one, that wears the sacerdotal garb only for the misfortune of others, and to the disgrace of God's laws. Is this the language of the Apostles ? Where have you read these maxims ?—Nothing is more injurious to religion, nor more contrary to its spirit, than these excesses, clearly condemned by the Gospel, whose first precept (you ought to know) is that of charity; and the second, an obligation to extend it even to our enemies.—Go, and shut yourself up in my library, and there read our holy deposit, meditate on this heavenly volume, and examine, whether Fanaticism could ever find aught there to authorize its furies ?—Above all, beware, you approach not the altar, before you can bring there a new heart.—You shall not stir from my palace without my permission,——I will visit your retirement,
and

and set before your eyes the true principles of a law, you do not yet understand. I thank God, however, for having thrown you in my way, that I may one day reconcile you to him.—Thou needest my aid—go, and learn to repent.

SIMON, *in a low voice.*

Yes, I repent; for by this affair I may lose perchance a rich benefice. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

HENNUYER. *The CURATES of LIZIEUX.*

The Curates appear at the end of the room. The Bishop makes them a sign to draw near.

H E N N U Y E R.

Wise Augustin, discreet Cefario, and you, pious Sebastian, come near!—You see my pains, you share them.—I beheld your tears at the first recital of these mad cruelties, which you detest; but God requires not barren tears; he demands actions.—Go, and set our churches open; invite there the Christians; commend to them peace; forbid them murder and all violence. Above all things, preach penitence; repentance is necessary. Let every one prostrate himself, and endeavour by earnest prayer to disarm the Divine Justice, so cruelly offended. Let them vie with one another, who shall make amends for most crimes, who shall shew the greatest

K

charity

charity to the remainder of these unfortunate victims.—Alas ! it is only in the power of Heaven to avert so many evils.

(The Curates respectfully bowing to the Bishop, retire.)

SCENE VI.

HENNUYER. SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My Lord! a croud of Protestants, men, women, old men and children, have penetrated into the portico of your palace. They desire to speak to you. Their countenances are troubled. They even bear marks of desperation, I fear.

HENNUYER, *with spirit.*

They have nothing to fear from me; what should I have to fear from them? Go, and let my apartments be opened for them: tell them, that at all times I will protect them with all my power.—Let them come——*(with surprise)* But the King's Lieutenant again! What wants he?

SCENE VII.

HENNUYER. *The KING's* LIEUTENANT.

The KING's LIEUTENANT.

My Lord, I come back again.

HENNUYER.

H E N N U Y E R.

Well, Sir?

The K I N G's L I E U T E N A N T.

There is yet time for you to join me, and nothing shall transpire. I offer you a way that cannot shock your opinions—you shall suffer only, what you cannot prevent.

H E N N U Y E R.

What I cannot prevent! What do you mean? Speak!

The K I N G's L I E U T E N A N T.

I have considered my commission, and I find, that your disobedience does not disengage me; that I should be guilty in not having hastened the execution; I will therefore publish the order, and have the soldiers ready.

H E N N U Y E R, *with resolution.*

And do you believe, that I will see this massacre without concern? You have flattered yourself, that, contented with refusing compliance by a few words, I shall thus imagine myself quit toward my conscience and the state.—No, no, I am the pastor, and will defend the flock. They have the same claims on my heart with the Catholics, and their temporal good does not concern me less than their spiritual.

The KING's LIEUTENANT, *fiercely*;

You are mistaken, my Lord ; my soldiers, I believe, are not under your command.

H E N N U Y E R.

What do you say ? I will command them in the name of a Bishop, if not that of a Man—I will go and meet their swords—I will shield the unhappy people with these holy garments—I will hold in my hands the God of clemency and peace, and then we shall see, we shall see, whether the profane wretches will proceed ; whether they will trample on their God and his Minister, that they may murder their brethren. (*he goes and opens the door himself to a number of Protestants. Arsenne Junior and Evrard are at their head*) Come, come, draw near, my friends ; fear nothing, you are here under my protection. This palace is yours—Henceforth it shall serve you for an asylum, and, if necessary, for a citadel. I will be answerable for your lives. (*to several Priests, who are present*) Bring some refreshments. Let all the Clergy attend here at my call. Let them come here and defend these unhappy people. (*to the Protestants*) My brethren, it is not our Holy Religion that hates, that persecutes you. She always loves you as children gone astray ; she invites you, she offers to receive you in her arms ; she teaches mankind only to treat each other with kindness. A blind and barbarous zeal, false reasons of state, may arm
people

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people against your lives ; but the true Catholic reclaims your violated rights. Far from making martyrs, he is only allowed to become such.

A R S E N N E Junior, *to his father.*

What language, my father ? How he astonishes me ! (*to the Bishop*) What ! will you protect us ? You ?

H E N N U Y E R.

I blush, that I should have occasion to defend you ;--and against whom ?—Continue in my palace. All the gold of the altars shall be melted to sustain you there, if it be necessary ; and the sanctuary, where the Holy of Holies reposes, shall be your shelter against inhuman cruelty, till an answer is arrived from the Court, and the voice of Humanity is heard once more.

A R S E N N E Junior, *to his father.*

O God ! is it possible ?——Is this a Priest, who speaks so ?

A R S E N N E Senior.

Thou seest it, my son ! God inspires him ; let us ever confide in him.

H E N N U Y E R.

Hell at this moment gives the most terrible shock to Christianity. (*pointing to the Protestants*) Alas ! we were ready to have embraced them in the same temple, they returning to us, and in an unlucky moment all is on fire.—Woe, woe,
to

to those who have said, that to shed the blood of our fellow-creatures is to honour the Supreme Being! I come to give the lie to their horrid lessons. True religion is benevolent; it represents God as the father of mankind, and makes him beloved, that all may adore him.

A R S E N N E Junior, *aside*.

How pure, how affecting his morality!

The KING's LIEUTENANT, *to the Bishop*.

Thus you openly invite rebellion, and you raise these people against the throne.—Your zeal is indiscreet, my Lord; for I must tell you, that my orders go so far as to take them away by force even from hence.

A R S E N N E Junior.

You hear him, Father!—Barbarous man!

H E N N U Y E R.

Cruel soldier! My voice condemns you, in the name of the Lord. (*stretching out his hands, and calling to the Protestants*) Come, come, my children, flock round me, draw near me—under these paternal hands you shall find safety.—(*to the King's Lieutenant*) Lay down these unworthy arms; don't force me to wrest them from your hands.—What! could you wish to plunge them in the hearts of these living men, whose eyes implore your mercy?

The

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The KING's LIEUTENANT, *raising his voice.*

You have assembled my victims—You assist me by protecting them—I will come again directly. (*a great noise is heard.*)

A R S E N N E Jun. *rusting with a sword in his hand upon the King's Lieutenant.*

Perish, barbarous man ! perish.—

(*All the Protestants draw their swords.*)

HENNUYER *interposes to defend the King's Lieutenant.*

What are you doing, my friends?—Cruel men! stop ; what would you do ?

A R S E N N E Junior, *threatening.*

We would prevent this attack, and the death of these unhappy people, that surround me.

The KING's LIEUTENANT.

Where am I ?

HENNUYER, *still protecting the King's Lieutenant.*

Pierce this breast—I will die content, if I can disarm your revenge.

A R S E N N E Junior, *to those of his party.*

My friends ! he is more than mortal !—I am ashamed of my fury—let us throw down our arms, and fall at his feet. (*They fall all down at the Bishop's feet, and there lay down their swords. Arsenne Junior prostrate*) Hero of humanity ! behold at thy feet those swords, which, blind and furious, we destined for thee, before we knew thy worth—

we

72 H E N N U Y E R : O R , T H E

we ran like desperadoes to give death, before we received it.—Thy virtue disarms us ; (*to the King's Lieutenant*) and to that alone, Sir, you owe your life.

The KING's LIEUTENANT.

What audaciousness !—I tremble with rage.

A R S E N N E Senior, *to the Bishop.*

Humane Bishop ! O forgive them !—Wandering by misfortune, they were lost without you——In your words I hear the voice of our first patriarchs.—Ah ! why do all the Heads of your Church not resemble you ? Their virtues would have won us long ago. (*he bows down.*)

H E N N U Y E R .

Rise, venerable old man !—A virtue that melts me, beams thro' all thy features.--Rise, my brethren.—What a triumph for my heart ! O ! why are you not children of my religion ? (*To the King's Lieutenant*) See, Sir, what lenity produces on the one side, and violence on the other. Believe me, and yield. Too many crimes have already been committed. France has received a deep, and cruel wound, that will long bleed. How much has she voluntarily lost of her strength and her glory ! And such will be always the fruits of Intolerance ; it brings every mischief in it's train.

The KING's LIEUTENANT.

My Lord, I will set out this moment, and give the Court an account of what is passing here.

H E N N U Y E R.

Go, Sir, there you must be—On my side, I will inform the Court likewise, tho' our interests ill accord.
[Exit the King's Lieutenant.]

S C E N E VIII.

The FORMER. PERSONS.

H E N N U Y E R.

Unhappy people, that came hither to take revenge! Alas! I pardon your errors; but learn from me, and ever remember, that cruelty is not to be subdued by cruelty, and that imitating Fanaticism will not stifle civil wars; for then it spreads itself, and becomes more terrible and implacable.—I tremble, lest the two parties, more exasperated—

A R S E N N E Junior.

Pardon, august deliverer, pardon!—Yes, despair made me frantic.—Witness of the massacre of that horrid night, I breathed nothing but murder!—

H E N N U Y E R, *with tender concern.*

You are one of those that have escaped? You were—

A R S E N N E Junior.

Yes, I was there!—and there I saw all my family murdered. I saw hands consecrated to the altars, (*kissing his hands*) but alas! very different from those I touch now, imbrued in the blood of my kindred. I have seen the smile of their horrid joy

L

insult

insult the groans of the dying.—They poison'd my heart with the transports of revenge. They, they conducted me to this palace, and guided my arm against you and all yours.

H E N N U Y E R, *covering his face.*

O night! cursed night! why can I not blot thee out of the memory of mankind? But, no; exist, exist for ever, to make them tremble at themselves, whilst thou presentest to them the bloody picture of their rage.—O my Country! my Religion! both so dear to my heart! who has let loose upon you those enemies, that tear your bosom, those impious and furious ministers?

A R S E N N E Junior.

They still besiege us; they will appear again.—The King's Lieutenant at parting cast a threatening look on us. He will arm his soldiers: paid for massacre, they dare not disobey.—I will sacrifice my revenge, my revenge that was so dear to me; but save these women, these old men, these children, and the remainder will not dread the enemy's sword.

H E N N U Y E R.

I will save you all. Here the King's Lieutenant dares not to undertake any thing. I will obtain from the Court a general protection. These atrocities are too shocking to human nature to be durable. Man opens his eyes at last to the light.

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light. Nature strikes the most obdurate heart, and unavoidable remorse transforms them at her voice.

A R S E N N E Junior.

Remorse! They! Ah! it is an illusion of your generous heart. — Alas! we must perish, notwithstanding your interposition. (*Some officers appear at the end of the room*) They come; I see them; they come in troops; we are undone! O! save only my father, my wife—and I will bless you in my fall!

H E N N U Y E R, *with resolution,*

Take courage, take courage.

Number of PROTESTANTS *surrounding the* Prelate.

Save us! save us! We must all die!

H E N N U Y E R.

Banish, banish all fear; I will answer for your lives.

(*The Officers in a body.*)

S C E N E IX.

The FORMER. SEVERAL OFFICERS.

The M A J O R.

We come to declare to you, my Lord, that not one of us will go to the projected execution; the service required of us can only be exercised against the enemies of the King and the realm.

L 2

Write

Write to the Court in our name ; tell the King, his army wants not men of courage, but that you have found not a single assassin in it.

H E N N U Y E R, *embracing him.*

Ye are genuine Catholics, true children of our Country and it's Church ; ye serve them both ; ye will be beloved and honoured by them to the remotest times ; and your names, exalted with eclat, will become the dearest to the benevolent Genius of Humanity.

A R S E N N E Junior, *to the Bishop.*

Ah ! your virtue inspires all those that approach you !—How powerful is the example of such sublime and generous charity !

Another O F F I C E R.

If we have countenanced some secret measure, it is because we did not know till this moment the nature of the orders, to which we refuse obedience. We all agree to protect those, whose murderers they desired us to be. Were there only one amongst us who should hesitate, we would send him to the Louvre to rejoin the King's Lieutenant, there to claim his reward ; ours lies not within the smiles of a monarch.

A R S E N N E Senior, *with transport.*

I know these brave warriors again, and find them such as they were in the battle, when they did not murder, but fight.

A YOUNG

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 77

A YOUNG OFFICER.

If our refusal displeases the Court, if a just action is looked upon as rebellion, I chuse rather to forsake the glory of war, than to disgrace that sword, which I reserve for the enemy.

H E N N U Y E R.

A man is never criminal for refusing to be a persecutor, whatsoever may be the pretext. Tho' the Council condemn you, the whole Universe will admire you. What have you to fear? You have fulfilled the most solemn laws of Nature and Religion.—However, if you will, you may lay all upon me. A man that does his duty according to the notice of his conscience, esteems life only for doing good, and has nothing to fear from Kings.

A R S E N N E Jun. *to those of his party.*

He is verily inspired!—Ah! dear Laura, I shall live then for thee.--(*Pointing at the Bishop with a respectful admiration*) I could sacrifice myself for him. We all owe it to him, that we still breathe.

L A U R A.

My dear husband!—I will teach our children his name after that of God: this dear name, for ever engraved in our hearts, shall be blessed in their mouths every day of their life.

E V R A R D, *embracing his friend.*

Can any of us ever forget so much greatness and humanity?

(*Here appear the Curates of Lizieux.*)

S C E N E T H E L A S T .

The F O R M E R . C U R A T E S .

H E N N U Y E R .

Draw near, worthy pastors, whom I have chosen to assist me, and to whom Religion owes her august triumph; let this day, on which the Catholic appears worthy of that name, be the fairest day of our life.—It remains for you to shew the Christian, that has separated himself from us, the excellence of our maxims for the perfection of manners; but let charity begin the work.—Go, embrace each of these unfortunate people; let them find again in you parents and friends, whom they have lost. Let us endeavour by every possible kindness to close the wound their hearts have received.

(The Curates are followed by a number of Catholics of each parish, who, convinced by their sermons, embrace the Protestants, and speak to them with an effusion of friendship and tenderness.)

A R S E N N E Senior.

Why have we not always been thus united?—This was the precept and the wish of Humanity—and why has it been forgotten?—Ah! I have found Men once more. They convince me, that it is not their religion, that commands hatred. What do I say? They expose themselves to the vengeance of the Court for our protection—These are Christian Heroes!

H E N N U Y E R ,

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. 79

HENNUYER, *taking ARSENNE Sen. by the hand.*

Come, let us give to all an example of brotherhood ; let us go together in procession thro' the town ; let both parties be reconciled, by seeing the Image of Concord ; and O ! that the Father of Mankind, offended by the crimes that have polluted all France, would vouchsafe to cast one benign look on this little corner of the kingdom !

The Curates mix with the Protestants, and the worthy Prelate goes out the last, holding the band of Arsenne. The Officers close the march.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

T H E E N D.



MEMORIAL OF THE PARLIAMENT

THE PARLIAMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND OF IRELAND
IN THE SEVENTH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF
HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE THIRD
PASSED IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
AN ACT FOR THE BETTER REGULATION OF THE
MANNERS OF THE COMMONS OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND OF IRELAND
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
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THE END

